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COLLIER'S WEDDING.

A P O E M.

By EDWARD CHICKEN. *K*

*Some Country Girl, scarce to a Curtsy bred,
Wou'd I much rather than Cornelia wed.*

DRYDEN'S JUVENAL, Sat. 6.

The SECOND EDITION.

NEWCASTLE:

Printed by J. WHITE and T. SAINT, and sold
by the Booksellers in Town and Country.

MDCCLXIV.

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Wrote I might rather than Cornish end
Dated in London, 1840

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T H E
COLLIER'S WEDDING.
A P O E M.

I SING not of great *Cæsar's* Might,
How brave he led his Men to fight;
Nor shew how haughty *Cato* dy'd,
Or what cou'd make him satisfy'd :
Nor do I here attempt to tell
How *Michael* fought, or *Satan* fell.

I choose to sing in Strains much lower,
Of COLLIER LADS, unsung before :
What Sport and Feasting do enfue,
When such-like Mortals buckle to.
In former Days when Trade was good,
And Men get Money, Cloaths and Food ;
When Landlords were not too severe,
And Tenants broke not ev'ry Year ;
But liv'd in Plenty, knew no Need,
And had enough to do their Deed :

Then

Then Country Lads went neat and clean,
 And Lasses comely to be seen;
 Strove with each other ev'ry Day,
 Who shou'd excel at Work or Play;
 Were honest Servants, virtuous Wives,
 Led harmless, inoffensive Lives:
 Their greatest Pride was just to know
 When Corn was ripe, or Grass wou'd mow;
 How Cows, and Sheep, and Butter sold,
 Or who was wed when she was old.
 Then COLLIER LADS got Money fast;
 Had merry Days while it did last;
 Did feast, and drink, and game, and play,
 And swore when they had nought to say.
 They came to Church but very rare,
 But miss'd not when a Bride was there;
 Yet rested on the *Sabbath Day*
 From ev'ry Thing but Drink and Play,
 And slept that Day, but not before
 Their Head and Tail cou'd hold no more;
 Then like true Cocks that love the Game,
 They'd rise and drink and sleep again.
 Their Wives could drink, as People say,
 And hold as much, or more, than they;
 Wou'd

Wou'd have their menseful Penny spent,
With Gossips, at a Merriment :

Those homely Females drank no Tea,
Nor Chocolate, nor Ratifea ;

They made no Visits, see no Play,
But spun their vacant Hours away.

And thus the COLLIERS, and their WIVES,
Liv'd drunken, honest, working Lives ;
Were very fond of one another,
And always marry'd one thro' other.

The Sons and Daughters of this Sort,
Were always fond of Country Sport ;
And all the young unmarried Fry,
Did strive each other to outvy ;
And wou'd on Hopping-days be drest
Genteel, and in their very Best ;
Look smart, be clean from Top to Toe,
As all that wou'd be marry'd do.

So have I seen poor Fishes caught,
By curious Bait, which Men have wrought ;
And from their wat'ry Region bore,
By some small Hairs, to die on Shore :
So Beauties, when they wou'd catch Man,
Use ev'ry Bait that will trapan ;

And

And Women's Bait draw more than theirs,
They've brighter Charms, and stronger Hairs.

A Collier's Daughter, brisk and clean,
Once at a Country Wake was seen;
The Maid was born in *Benwel* Town,
Was not too fair, nor yet too brown:
Of Beauty she had got her Part,
Enough to wound a Collier's Heart;
And then her Name was up for this,
She lov'd to spin, but blush'd to kiss:
Her pliant Limbs when Music play'd,
Cou'd humour ev'ry Thing it said;
For when she tript it on the Plain,
To *Jacky's* lost his Fellow Swain,
Her easy Steps, and airy Wheels,
Shew'd she had Music in her Heels:
She danc'd so well, so very long,
She won the Smock, and pleas'd the Throng.

A Collier Lad was standing by,
And view'd her with a Lover's Eye;
He scratch'd his Head, and then he swore,
That none had danc'd so well before;
Then made a Brush up to the Maid,
How do you Lads, the Lover said;

I'm

I'm glad to see ye, by my Saul,
 For *sink my Heart*, thou's beat them all;
 Thou's warm'd their Stomachs for them now,
 By G—d thou is a tuing Sow.
 Zo'ons, Lafs, come go, I'll warr'nt thou's dry;
 Come, Fool, what makes ye look so shy:
 Then seiz'd her Hand, and being strong,
 He lugg'd the willing Maid along;
 She had not many Words to say,
 But hung an Arse the Country Way;
 Then gave a modest Blush, and so
 In Silence gave Consent to go.
 He led her to an Inn hard by,
 Where drink was good, if she was dry;
 In private they were o'er a Pot,
 With other Cheer the House had got.
 The Lad must now declare his Mind,
 And try to bring the Lafs in Kind;
 He gap'd, and stretch'd himself, and then
 He rubb'd his Eyes, and stretch'd again,
 And thus begun: " My comely *Jenny*,
 " I love thee better far than any;
 " If thou'll have me, Faith I'll have thee,
 " And love thee till the Day I dee;
 " I'll

“ I’ll work my Bones to make thee easy,
 “ Do ev’ry Thing in Life to please thee ;
 “ Both Day and Night I’ll do my Duty ;
 “ Come speak, I cannot live without thee.”
 She sigh’d, and made him this Reply :
 “ Come, let me go, for Shame ; O fy !
 “ So Lad, be quiet, pray give o’er,
 “ The Folks are peeping thro’ the Door.
 “ I cannot bear, you squeeze so hard ;
 “ For Heaven’s Sake have some Regard :
 “ How can you use a Body so ;
 “ Take off your Hand, pray let me go.
 “ May you be happy in some other,
 “ For I must wed to please my Mother ;
 “ But call if you shou’d come our Way,
 “ And hear what the old Wife will say :
 “ Farewel, and thank you for this Treat,
 “ I’ll rest your Debtor till we meet.”
 He flew to catch her just when rising,
 For he was keen and past advising ;
 He clasp’d her close, and held her fast,
 And wonder’d at her mighty Haste :
 Then stretch’d himself, and loll’d upon her,
 And swore like any Man of Honour.

Thus

Thus Country 'Squires, and merry Blades,
 Hug fresh unopen'd Chamber-maids;
 Will kiss them till their Breath blow short,
 To make them eager of the Sport;
 Then swear, and lie, and seldom part,
 Without a Maiden-head or Heart.
 Like them our furious Country Lover,
 Made Use of all his Tools to move her;
 He ply'd her all the Afternoon,
 And kept her warm to melt her down;
 He strok'd her Neck, and squeez'd her Hand,
 And press'd her till she could not stand:
 And then she struggl'd in his Arms,
 With sweet disorder'd homely Charms,
 Till Fear and Love with equal Grace,
 Did vary Colours in her Face:
 Her Pulse beat quick, and Breath went slow,
 She just cou'd say, Oh! — let me go;
 I'm spent, undone, O lack-a-day!
 What can I either do or say:
 Was ever Lads in my Condition,
 For Heav'n's hear but my Petition;
 Unfold your Arms, and give me Air,
 And let me rest upon my Chair:

I faint, O! — *Tommy* cut my Lace,
And throw my Apron o'er my Face.

As when in Wars great Gen'als fight,
For Honour, Victory, or Right;
When they storm Citadel or Town,
And blow the Forts, and Bulwarks down;
When those within can hold no longer,
Because the Enemy is stronger,
Make Signal that they do surrender,
By Colour dropt, or some such Tender.
So now our conquer'd, yielding Maid,
Drops both her Colour and her Head:
The Woman works in ev'ry Vein,
And Life, not spent, returns again;
A rising Blush attempts her Face,
But Fear at first denies it Place:
With languid Looks, and downcast Eyes,
She sees her Lover in Surprise;
Is griev'd to think she makes him smart,
Yet fears to tell he's won her Heart;
Her Cheeks with modest Blushes burn,
And Smiles increase as Life return:
Then struggling for to shew her Mind,
Her Looks declare she wou'd be kind;
Yet

Yet cou'd not speak to let him know,
 Your modest Maids are always so.
 With am'rous Looks he calls her Jewel,
 And said, How can you be so cruel;
 Come ease my Mind, and speak, my Life,
 And give Consent to be my Wife;
 For I can never love another,
 Come, I'll go with you to your Mother;
 Have her Consent, hear what she'll say,
 And then we'll fix our Wedding-day.

Before she spoke, she look'd about,
 For she cou'd hold no longer out;
 And when she saw that none was nigh,
 She thus broke out: I do comply;
 You hug, and kifs, and squeeze me now,
 But what will Wedding make you do?
 I never thought to marry'd any;
 But, *Tommy!* thou has conquer'd *Jenny*;
 My Heart, and ev'ry Thing that's mine,
 From henceforth, *Tommy*, shall be thine;
 I'll love, and cherish, and obey,
 And strive to please thee Night and Day.
 He kifs'd, she leer'd and seemed fain,
 And rose and blush'd, and kifs'd again:
 Then

Then Arm in Arm, away they went,
 To try old *Bessy* for Consent;
 For now they'd nothing more to do;
 But make the Mother buckle to;
 Which must be done, or else the Bargain
 Wou'd not be worth a single Farthing.

They trudg'd along, got Home at last,
 And found old Goody smoking fast;
 Plac'd on a Creet near the Fire,
 Her Spinning Wheel was standing by her.
 Her Coats lay up for Fear of Burning,
 She lov'd all warm, but hated turning.
 An Earthen Pot with humming Beer,
 Stood on a Table very near;
 For she wou'd funk, smoke, fart, and drink,
 And sometimes raise a hellish Stink.
 Our old Wife turn'd her Head about,
 And spy'd at last her Daughter out:
 She cry'd, Lafs, where De'il has thou been;
 I thought thou wou'd no more be seen:
 You've got your Belly full of Play,
 I'll warr'nt ye've had a merry Day;
 For now it will be Twelve o'Clock,
 And more, for I've spun off my Rock.

Lafs,

Lads, whes that with ye? Whe shou'd it be?
 Sit still, says *Tom*, 'tis none but me;
 I came to have a little Clash:
 Hout Lad, get Hame, ye're nought but Fash:
 My Pipe's just out, then we'll to Bed;
 So, *Jenny*, come and loose my Head,
 And get some Coals, and mend the Fire,
 And lay my Cods a little higher;
 And, *Tom*, be sure that ye get Hame,
 And give my Service to your Dame:
 De'il scratch your Arse, what brought you here;
 Ye've kept our Daughter up I fear.
Tom rose and came where *Bessy* sat,
 And fann'd the Fire with his Hat;
 Play'd with her Pipe till it was broke,
 And grin'd and laugh'd, and then he spoke:
 Your *Jenny* is my Heart's Delight;
 De'il rive their Sark gangs Hame to Night:
 I'll have her, had she not a Smock;
 If ye'll consent we'll call up *Jock*,
 And raise up *Doll* to fetch a Drink:
 Come, *Bessy*, speak, what do you think.
 The old Wife cock'd her Chin and spoke,
 Why surely, *Tom*, you do but joke:

If

If ye're sincere, as ye are warm,
 And means to do my Bairn no Harm,
 Ye know my Daughter *Jane's* but young,
 And may be easy overcome;
 So court her first, hear what she'll say,
 We'll have a Drink and fix the Day.
 Her Daughter *Jane*, with modest Grace,
 And Fingers spread before her Face,
 Cry'd, Mother, *Tommy's* won my Heart,
 If ye'll consent we'll never part;
 I love him as I do my Life,
 And wou'd be glad to be his Wife.
 When *Bessy* heard her Daughter *Jane*
 Declare herself so very plain,
 The House was in an Instant rais'd,
 Grey-beard was wash'd, the Fire blaz'd;
 Strong Beer was fetch'd, Tobacco too,
 Old *Bessy* drank till she was fow;
 Then reel'd to *Tom* with her Consent,
 And spew'd her Liquor as she went:
 Old *Jock* and *Doll* lay on the Floor,
 For they cou'd drink and spew no more.
 Our Lovers now have all the Play,
 They bill, and fix their Wedding-day:
Things

Things were concluded for the best,
And Drunk, and Sober, go to Rest.

Now all the Country Lads around,
That get their Living under Ground,
For to prepare Themselves are told
When *Tommy's* Wedding-day will hold:
The Maids have Warning, Friends beside,
Must all be there to mense the Bride;
At *Benwel*, at her Mother's House,
For *Tommy* gave the Bride her Choose,
The Wedding-dinner must be there,
Provided with the greatest Care!

Now Joy in ev'ry Face is seen,
The Lads are pleas'd, the Lasses keen:
Old Men, and Wives, do all declare,
They'll come to taste the Bridegroom's Fare.

The Farmer waits not with more Pain,
For former or for latter Rain;
Nor does the Miser more desire,
His Coffers full, or Int'rest higher;
Or Landlords with the Quarter-day,
When Tenants are prepar'd to pay;
Nor those that in Suspence do wait,
More anxious for the Birth of Fate;

Or

Or longing Mothers Passion more,
 For Child, or Joy unfelt before;
 Than are our Lovers for the Day,
 To sport it, and the Night away;
 Their Breasts are fir'd with equal Flame,
 They wish for what they blush to name;
 They long the balmy Joys to reap,
 And kiss each other in their Sleep:
 But O! alas, this does no Good,
 It only raises Flesh and Blood;
 Creates Desire in ev'ry Vein,
 And makes Things rise and fall again.
 Long wish'd-for now is come at last,
 The Day appears, the Bride is drest;
 The Music makes the Village ring,
 The Children shout, the old Wives sing.
Tom comes in Triumph o'er the Plain,
 With Collier Lads, a jolly Train;
 They smoke along the dusty Way,
 Whips crack for Joy, the Horses play.
 The Bridegroom rides in State before,
 'Midst Clouds of Dust the Bagpipes roar;
 The Echo's borne on Wings of Air,
 Make all the *Benwel* Folk prepare:

Like

Like Streamers in the painted Sky,
 At ev'ry Breast the Favours fly.
 The blithsome, bucksome, Country Maids,
 With Knots of Ribbons at their Heads,
 And Pinner's flutt'ring in the Wind,
 That fan before, and toss behind,
 Came there from each adjacent Place,
 Strength in their Limbs, Health in their Face,
 To do their Honours to the Bride,
 And eat and drink, and dance beside.
 Now all prepar'd, and ready stand,
 With Fans and Posies in their Hand.
 But hark! a distant Noise they hear,
 And some Fore-riders do appear,
 Proclaim with an exalted Voice,
 The Bridegroom near, they all rejoice:
 Loud Shouts and Acclamations rise,
 And Sounds of Joy in Echo dies.
 The Bridegroom now appears in Sight,
 They all receive him with Delight;
 Clap Hands, and bid him welcome there,
 And place him in the Elbow Chair,
 Old *Bessy* glad at his Approach,
 Brings on the Cakes, and Barrels broach;

C

Then

Then *Tommy* goes and kisses *Jenny*,
 And says to her, How do you, *Hinny*?
 Pluck up your Heart, and never fear;
 What makes you be so sad, my Dear?
 The Priest will tell us what to say,
 'Tis nothing but a perfect Play:
 I have the Ring, and all Things ready,
 And faith thou's bust like any Lady:
 Thou looks so brisk, it does me Good;
 Be quiet, *Tom*, thou'll cramp my Hood,
 Come let us rise and go away,
 Perhaps we make the Parson stay;
 And that ye know's not fit to be,
 Because we are not Quality.
 They all rise up, and think it Time
 To haste for Church, the Clock's struck Nine.
 Two lusty Lads, well dress'd and strong,
 Stept out to lead the Bride along;
 And two young Maids of equal Size,
 As soon the Bridegroom's Hands surprize:
 The Pipers wind, and take their Post,
 And go before to clear the Coast:
 Then all the vast promiscuous Crowd,
 With thund'ring Tongues, and Feet as loud,
Toss

Toss up their Hats, clap Hands, and hollow,
 And mad with Joy, like *Bedlam* follow :
 Some shout the Bride, and some the Groom,
 Till just as Mad, to Church they come ;
 Knock, swear, and rattle at the Gate,
 And vow to break the Beadle's Pate ;
 And calls his Wife a Bitch and Whore,
 They will be in, or break the Door ;
 There rive, and tear, and make a Noise,
 Like rude, distracted Fools, or Boys.
 Now some slip out as sure as Fate,
 To tell the Priest the People wait :
 He picks, and comes when he does know,
 For at the best he's very slow.
 The Gates fly open, all rush in,
 The Church is full with Folks and Din ;
 And all the Crew, both great and small,
 Behave as in a common Hall :
 For some perhaps that were Threescore,
 Was never twice in Church before,
 They scamper, climb, and break the Pews,
 To see the Couple make their Vows.
 With solemn Face the Priest draws near,
 Poor *Tom* and *Jenny* quake for Fear ;
Are

Are singl'd out from all the Band
That round about them gaping stand.

In decent Order when they're got,
The Priest proceeds to tie the Knot;
Then Hands are join'd, and loos'd again,
And *Tommy* says, I take thee, *Jane*;
Then *Jenny* looks a little shy,
And kneels, and says, I take *Tommy*,
But here's the Blessing, or the Curse,
'Tis done for Better, or for Worse;
For now they're fairly in for Life;
The Priest declares them Man and Wife.

Our Couple now kneel down to pray,
Much unacquainted with the Way:
Whole Troops of COLLIERS swarm around,
And seize poor *Jenny* on the Ground;
Put up their Hands to loose her Garters,
And work for Pluck about her Quarters;
Till Ribbons from her Legs are torn,
And round the Church in Triumph borne,

As when a Conquest great was won
By *Cæsar*, or by *Philip's* Son;
They had the Honour of the Prize,
And all the Shouts that did arise:

So

So now the Fame and Praise attend
 The Garters, and the Bridegroom's Friend.
 The Wedding now is fairly o'er,
 The Fees are paid, but nothing more.
 The Bridegroom he comes foremost out,
 He cocks his Hat and looks about;
 The Pipers play for Victory,
I'll make thee fain to follow Me.
 Four rustic Fellows wait the While,
 To kiss the Bride at the Church Style;
 Then vig'rous mount their felter'd Steeds,
 With heavy Heels, and clumsy Heads;
 So scourge them going Head and Tail,
 To win what Country call the Kail,
 Spruce *Tommy* now leads first away,
 For *Jenny's* bound and must obey:
 But most Wives think't a sad Disaster,
 To have the Man be one Day Master;
 And must be rid, or they submit,
 With Whip and Spur, and temper'd Bit;
 Must taste the Sweets, and Plagues of Marriage,
 Before they have an easy Carriage.
 Yet here our Bride must have her Due,
 She stuck as close to *Tom* as Glue;

Tuck'd

Tuck'd up her Coats to mend her Pace,
 And walk'd till Sweat ran down her Face;
 Sturdy she rak'd along the Plain,
 To keep in View her Fellow Swain;
 And kindly follows *Tommy's* Lead,
 That she at Night on Joys may feed.
 If he prepares when Things are drest,
 I'll pawn my Life she'll be his Guest;
 Stick close, and suck, and round him twine,
 Till *Phæbus* thro' the Curtains shine,
 Surround their Pillows with bright Rays,
 And wish them many happy Days.
 Now they arrive all in a Foam,
 The old Wife bids them welcome Home;
 Salutes her Daughter and her Son,
 So now begins the merry Fun.

The greasy Cook at once appears,
 And thunders Mischief in their Ears;
 She scolds and brawls, and makes a Noise,
 And throws her Fat among the Boys;
 Now runs to see the Kettle boil,
 Mean while she lets the Butter oil:
 Then boxes her who turns the Spit,
 And cries, You Jade, you'll burn the Meat:
 Fire,

Fire, Smoke, and Fury round her goes,
 She's burnt her Apron, sing'd her Clothes:
 The Dinner will be spoil'd she cries;
 Good God! the Baker's burnt the Pies:
 That Goose will not be half enough;
 The Beef is old, and will eat tough:
 Here, Lads, some Flour to drudge the Veal;
 I wish your Dinner at the De'il:
 Come take your Seats, and stand away,
 My Laddle has not Room to play:
 The Hens and Cocks are just laid down;
 I never thought you'd come so soon:
 And thus with such-like Noise and Din,
 The Wedding Banquet does begin.
 Impatient for the Want of Meat,
 They feak, and cannot keep their Seat;
 Play with the Plates, drum on the Table,
 And fast as long as they are able;
 Then count the Number of their Knives,
 And who is there that has not Wives;
 Unfold the Napkins, lay them down,
 Then tell the Letters of a Spoon:
 Some eat the Bread, some lick the Salt;
 Some drink, and other some find Fault.

Dis-

Disorder is in ev'ry Place,
 And hungry Looks in ev'ry Face;
 In short they cou'd no longer put,
 For Belly thinks the Throat is cut:
 They damn, and sink, and curse the Cook,
 And gives her many a frightful Look:
 They call her Bitch, and Jade, and Sow:
 She says she does what Fire can do:
 And thus their Guts disturb and vex 'em,
 For Want of Patience doth perplex 'em.

Thus hungry, raw, unthinking Youth,
 Run Home from School with open Mouth;
 Are mad for Meat, and wild for Play,
 Impatient at the Maid's Delay;
 Will dip their Bread in Dripping-pan,
 With all the Eagerness they can;
 Disturb the House, and tease their Mother,
 And fight with Sister, or with Brother;
 Roar, punch, and kick, and play the Fool,
 And cry they'll be too long for School;
 Bum Plates, and discompose the Table,
 Do all the Mischief they are able;
 Abuse the Maid, climb on the Chairs,
 And dirty all the new-clean'd Stairs:

Till

Till *Tray* from his Machine descends,
 And *Peggy* draws to make all Friends;
 Then Dinner comes, they eat, are pleas'd,
 March off to School, the House is eas'd.

At last the Beef appears in Sight,
 The Groom moves slow the pond'rous Weight;
 Then Haste is made, the Table clad,
 No Patience till the Grace is said:
 Swift to the smoking Beef they fly;
 Some cut their Passage thro' a Pye:
 Out streams the Gravy on the Cloth;
 Some burn their Tongue with scalding Broth:
 But rolling Spices make them fain,
 They shake their Heads, and sup again:
 Cut up that Goose, cries one below,
 And send us down a Leg, or so:
 An honest Neighbour tries the Point,
 Works hard, but cannot hit a Joint:
 The Bride sat nigh, she rose in Prim,
 And cut, and tore her Limb from Limb.
 Now Geese, Cocks, Hens, their Fury feel,
 Extended Jaws devour the Veal:
 Each rives, and eats what he can get;
 And all is Fish that comes to Net:

D

No

No qualmish Appetites here fit,
None curious for a dainty Bit.

The Bridegroom waits with active Force,
And brings them Drink 'twixt ev'ry Course,
With Napkin round his Body girt,
To keep his Cloaths from Grease and Dirt;
With busy Face he runs about,
To fill the Pots which are drunk out.

Old *Bessy*, dress'd in all her Airs,
Gives her Attendance in the Stairs;
There she receives the broken Meat,
Just when it is not fit to eat:
Plates, Knives, and Spoons, about are tost;
The old Wife's Care's that nought be lost:
By her the borrow'd Things are known,
She wishes Folks may get their own.

Now all are full, the Meat away,
The Table drawn, the Music play;
The Bridegroom first assumes the Floor,
And dances all the Maidens o'er;
Then rubs his Face, and makes a Bow,
So marches off, what can he do:
He must not tire himself outright,
The Bride expects a Dance at Night.

In

In ev'ry Room, both high and low,
 The Fiddlers play, the Bagpipes blow;
 Some shout the Bride, and some the Groom,
 They roar the very Music dumb;
 Hand over Head, and one thro' other,
 They dance with Sister and with Brother:
 Their common Tune is, *Get her Bo*,
 The weary Lads cries, Music so;
 Till tir'd in circling round they wheel,
 And beat the Ground with Toe and Heel.

A Collier Lad of taller Size,
 With Rings of Dust about his Eyes,
 Laid down his Pipe, rose from the Table,
 And swore he'd dance while he was able:
 He catch'd a Partner by the Hand,
 And kiss'd her for to make her stand;
 And then he bid the Music play,
 And said, now Lads, come dance away:
 He led her off; just when begun,
 She stopt, and cry'd, some other Tune;
 Then whisper'd in the Piper's Ear,
 So loud, that ev'ry one might hear,
 I'd have you play me *Jumping John*,
 He turn'd his Reed, and try'd his Drone.

The

The Pipes scream out her fav'rite Jig,
 Then knack'd her Thumbs and stood her Trig;
 Then cock'd her Belly up a little,
 Then wet her Fingers with her Spittle:
 So off she goes; the Collier Lad
 Sprung from the Floor, and danc'd like mad:
 They sweep each Corner of the Room,
 And all stand clear where e'er they come:
 They dance, and tire the Piper out,
 And all's concluded with a Shout.

Old *Bessy* next was taken in,
 She curl'd her Nose, and cock'd her Chin;
 Then held her Coats on either Side,
 And kneel'd, and cry'd, up with the Bride:
 Come, Piper, says the good old Woman,
 Play me the *Joyful Days are coming*;
 I'll dance for Joy, upon my Life,
 For now my Daughter's made a Wife.
 The Old Wife did what Limbs cou'd do;
 Well danc'd, old *Bessy*, cry'd the Crew:
 The Goody laugh'd, and shew'd her Teeth,
 And said, ah! Sirs, I have no Breath;
 I once was thought right good at this,
 So kneel'd, and mumbl'd up his Kifs.

And

And thus the Day in Pleasure flies,
 Till shining *Phœbus* quits the Skies :
 The gladsome Night doth now approach ;
 The Barrels sound, no more's to broach :
 There's but a Pipe for ev'ry one,
 The dear Tobacco's almost gone :
 The Candles in their Sockets wink,
 Now sweal, now drop, then die and stink :
 Intoxicating Fumes arise,
 They reel and rub their drowsy Eyes ;
 Dead drunk some tumble on the Floor,
 And swim in what they drank before :
 Hick-up, cries one, reach me your Hand,
 The House turns round, I cannot stand :
 So now the drunken, senseless Crew,
 Break Pipes, spill Drink, piss, shit, and spew :
 The sleepy Hens now mount their Balk,
 Ducksquack, flapwings, and homewardswalk ;
 The lab'ring Peasants weary grown,
 Embraces Night, and trudges Home.
 The Posset made, the Bride is led,
 In great Procession, to her Bed :
 The Females with an Edict come,
 That all the Men depart the Room,

On

On Pain of Scandal and Disgrace,
 If any one stay in the Place:
 Their Proclamation is obey'd,
 The Men walk out till she be laid;
 But with this cautious Reprimand,
 The Poffet shou'd have Leave to stand,
 Be unmolested, feel no Lip,
 Nor any one attempt to sip;
 They all declare they'll be accurst,
 If Bride and Bridegroom drink not first:
 When Young and Old, and all are out,
 They shut the Doors and spy about;
 A gen'ral Search is quickly made,
 Lest any lie in Ambuscade:
 So when they thought all Places sure,
 And Holes and Corners all secure,
 That none cou'd see, nor none cou'd hear,
 Nor none rush in to make them fear:
 Then one far wiser than the Rest,
 Who knew their Way of Bedding best,
 Steps up to *Jenny* bath'd in Tears,
 And thus with Council fills her Ears;
 Come, wipe your Face, for Shame don't cry,
 We all were made with Men to lie;

And

And *Tommy*, if I guess but right,
 Will make you have a merry Night;
 Be courteous, kind, lie in his Arms,
 And let him rattle all your Charms:
 If he shou'd rise, do you lie still,
 He'll fall again, give him his Will;
 Lie close, and keep your Husband warm;
 And as I live you'll get no Harm;
 Be mannerly in ev'ry Posture,
 Take this Advice from *Nanny Forster*.

Thus spoke, she ran, and catch'd the Bowl,
 Where Currant-cakes in Ale did roll;
 Then with a Smile, said, *Jenny*, Lads,
 Come here's thy Health without a Glas:
 Her Arm supports it to her Head,
 She drinks, and gobbles up the Bread;
 So ev'ry one their Courses took,
 Some watch for Fear the Men shou'd look:
 Their hasty Promise soon was broke,
 For they must either drink or choke.

Now some prepare t'undress the Bride,
 While others tame the Possess's Pride;
 Some loose her Head, and some her Stays,
 And so undress her sundry Ways;
 Then quickly lay the Bride in Bed,
 And bind a Ribbon round her Head: Her

Her Neck and Breasts are both display'd,
 And ev'ry Charm in Order laid.
 Now all being ready for *Tom's* Coming,
 The Doors are open'd by the Women;
 Impatient *Tommy* rushes in,
 And thinks that they have longsome been:
 The Maids unwilling to withdraw;
 They must go out, for that's the Law.
 Now *Tommy* next must be undrest,
 But which of them can do it best?
 It is no Matter, all assist;
 Some at his Feet, some at his Breast:
 Soon they undress the Jolly Blade,
 And into Bed he's fairly laid.

Between the Sheets now view this Pair,
 And think what merry Work was there;
 The Stocking thrown, the Company gone,
 And *Tom* and *Jenny* both alone:
 No Light was there but *Jenny's* Charms,
 And *Tom* all those in his own Arms.

Now he is Master of his Wishes,
 And treats her with a thousand Kisses:
 Young *Tommy* cock'd, and *Jenny* spread,
 So here I leave them both in Bed.

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F I N I S.

